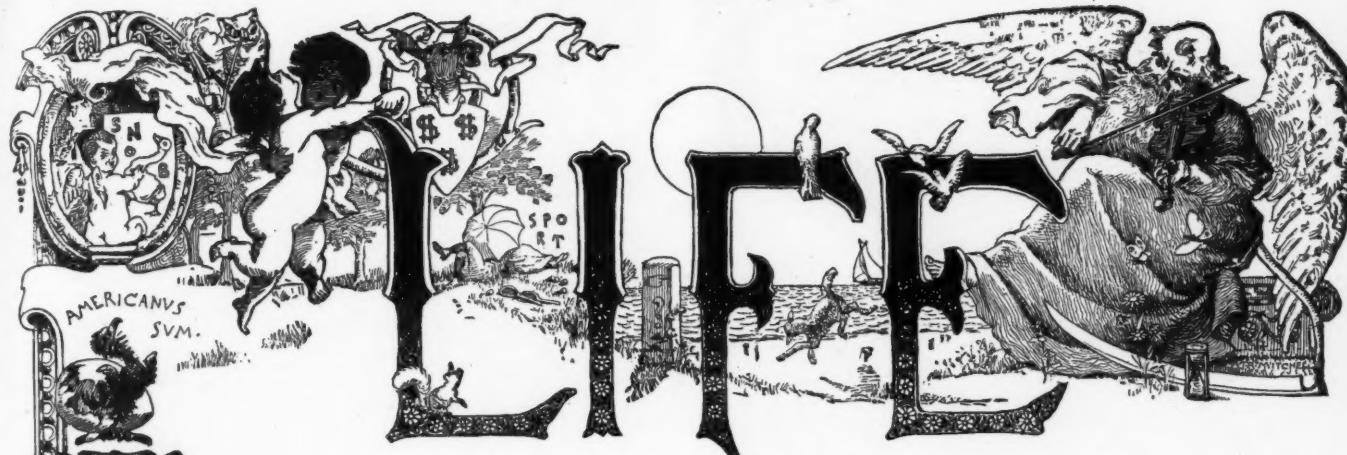


VOLUME XXIV.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 9, 1894.

NUMBER 606.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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A REPULSE.

He: WOULD YOU NEVER CONSENT TO MY FILLING YOUR HUSBAND'S PLACE?
Faithful Widow: YES, IF THAT COULD BRING HIM BACK TO ME.



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MADE BY
WHITING M'F'G CO.

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69 Fulton St., Broadway and 27th St., New York

VOLUME XXIV.

LIFE.

NUMBER 606.



THE DOCTOR.

AN UNSOPHISTICATED TRAMP MADE REQUEST AT OUR DOCTOR'S HOUSE FOR
A PAIR OF THE DOCTOR'S OLD PANTS. BUT, THEN, HE HAD NEVER SEEN

A GREAT PREPONDERANCE.

TOM DEWITT: 1875 must have been a great year for girls.

KITTY WINSLOW: I don't see —

TOM DEWITT: Oh, I was merely wondering how it happened so many more girls were born that year than any other.

KITTY WINSLOW: How do you know there were?

TOM DEWITT: Why, every girl I have met this summer has been just nineteen.

M R. DELAWANNA: You know we don't have dinner till three on Sundays, in order to give the girls time to go to church.

MR. MURRAY HILL: Great Scott! Why didn't you tell me that at breakfast.



PLAIN ENGLISH.

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New York

A DANGEROUS METAMORPHOSIS.

HE.

'T IS but a little thing I ask ;
A trifle, nothing more, I swear.
'Tis not a heavy, gruesome task
That wrinkles brow or silvers hair ;
'Tis something, dear, that if you give,
You cannot fairly deem amiss ;
'Tis nothing more than, as I live,
A little, simple, single kiss.

SHE.

This little thing you boldly ask ;
This trifle light, to you, as air,
Perhaps, to me, doth fears unmash
That well may cause me to beware,
For this same simple, single kiss
Might soon develop into kisses ;
And I, from having been amiss,
Become, in consequence, a Mrs.

Ernest Graham Dewey.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIV. AUGUST 9, 1894. NO. 606.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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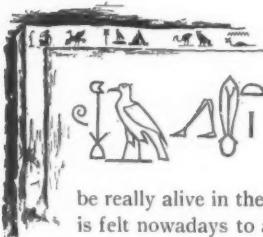


INTELLECTUALLY speaking, it has been an upsetting summer. While thoughts of well-regulated people should have been directed to such matters as keeping cool, avoiding work, reading summer novels, and meditating on

subjects of no greater concern than the new fashions in bathing clothes and the spread of the bicycle habit, they have been wrested from these peaceful currents and held down, day after day, to serious considerations of politics and human behavior. Hitherto, through all the hot weather, the newspapers have kept on printing news, which people have had to read, about industrial armies, and strikes, and rebellions, and the perennial tariff bill, until one may lawfully wonder what the fate of the summer novel has been, and how it has fared in this unusually brisk competition with news.

The summer novel is easy to read, but the newspaper is easier still—so easy that it is considerably less trouble for the average American to read a newspaper than not. It is good for the newspaper business that it should be so, but that it is good for the reader is not quite so certain. A learned British professor held the other day before a summer school audience that the growth of the newspaper propensity, especially in the United States, was destroying the capacity of the contemporary mind to appreciate real literature; and magazines, he said, were even worse in this respect than newspapers.

* * *



IT is a solemn thought that we are loosening our intellectual grasp by the very means that we used to keep ourselves abreast of contemporary life, and what makes it particularly solemn is the remoteness of any prospect of cure. To be really alive in the world and not to read the newspapers is felt nowadays to a contradiction in terms. Busy people buy solid books and hope to read them, and put them on a shelf. They buy poetry against the vacant hour, which

when it comes brings with it a mind that is also vacant and longs to remain so. But the newspapers and the magazines fit both the vacant hour and the vacant mind, and they get read, and the only sort of literature that reaches the popular brain is the sort that is so easy and so absorbing that it can compete with them.

* * *

PERHAPS it is to be regretted that we don't all read the best books, but let us not worry too grievously about it. These are active times in which labor has to be divided. The average man doesn't carry in his own coal. He hires it done by coal heavers. If he hires his heavy books read by persons in that business, is it certain that it is not a saving of his personal strength for labors better suited to his tastes and calibre?

* * *



IT is a hot summer to spend in Washington, particularly for a man with a house and family at Buzzard's Bay. But Mr. Cleveland has not smoked and sizzled in the White House through the dog-days for nothing. If anyone has reason to be satisfied with his summer's work it is he. Whatever his personal discomfort may

have been, he has substantial returns to show for it. His recent defence by Senator Hill from the aspersions of Senator Gorman is a new illustration of the capacity of events to arrange themselves in queerer and more unexpected combinations than even the professional romancer would venture to contrive.

* * *

THE town of Boston has voted in favor of a measure called the Meigs bill, which provides for the desecration of certain of the Boston streets by an elevated railroad, and other modern horrors. LIFE respectfully deprecates these signs of haste on Boston's part. If she messes up her thoroughfares with lamentable and unsightly contrivances no American city will be left to which New York can point as the realization of her own ideal. Besides, haste is vulgar. Philadelphia, a much more populous city than Boston, has moved deliberately for two centuries and yet has never stood quite still. No amount of aerial hustling will make Boston like New York, but a very moderate amount of it will suffice to make her unlike Boston, a change that no New Yorker can contemplate without regret.



T. S. SULLIVANS

"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"

"BE GOBBS, ALL THER MONEY ABOUT ME IS SPINT, AN' ME LOIFE IS IN THER HANDS OV THER LOIFE INSURANCE, SO SHOOT AWAY, AND GOOD LUCK TO YEZ."

THE THING IN A NUTSHELL.

BOY: If those electric light poles should blow over wouldn't they set fire to the houses?

FATHER: They probably would.

BOY: Then why are they put so close?

FATHER: I presume it is because the people who own the poles are not the people who own the houses.

WHAT a convenience it is, to the country at large, to have governorships wherein Populists can expose their peculiarities before still more serious responsibilites are entrusted to them. Of course it is hard on the States immediately implicated, but they deserve their doom, whatever may come to them. States that need experience ought to have it.

THE PREFERABLE METAPHOR.

SHE: And don't you concede marriage to be an important step?

HE: Oh, more—it's a serious slip, you know.

A SWEET CONOLER.

EDITH: If Jack Barlow were to propose to me I wouldn't know whether to say "Yes" or "No."

MAUD: Well, don't worry, dear, I accepted him last night.

THE DOLEFUL MIDSHIPMITE.

SHE'S a trim little body,
She's as taut and as nobby
As the launch or the captain's gig;
And my cap from my noddle
I take off as I toddle

To the afterport gangway big,
Heave-ho!

To hand her on board of the brig.

'Neath the peak of her bonnet
With a rose blush upon it,

Her face I can hardly esp'y;
For my heart goes a-thumping
And my eyes mist with something

As they do, I will not deny,
Heave-ho!

When I see our flag topmost high,
When the tips of her fingers

Press my sleeve, into flinders
Flies my heart, scattering far and wide.

To the cabin I steer her,
All a-trembling I leave her—

She's my jolly commander's bride,
Heave-ho!

I think I was born behind tide.

T. D. W.

DIMINUTIVE.

"**I** HAVE been weading about stwikes and things," said Willie Wibbles, "and do you know an idea stwuck my mind!"

"An idea of your own?" inquired Miss Cayenne.

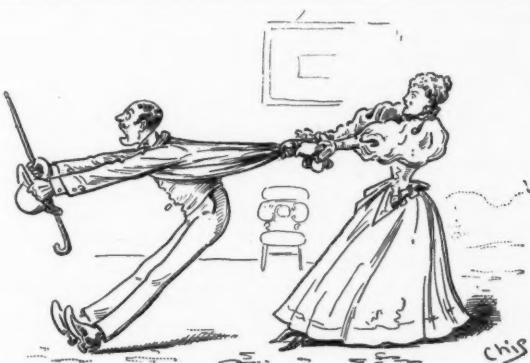
"To be suah."

"Dear me. I should think it would tickle."

EASILY EXPLAINED.

HENDERSON: Why did they turn Skinner out of the church?

WILLIAMSON: He sold the pastor a horse.

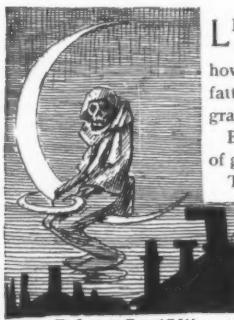


"KEEPING COMPANY."



SIGNS OF AN IMPROVEMENT.

"HOW'S YOUR WIFE THIS MORNING, MISTER DUFFY?"
"BEGORRA BUT I THINK SHE'S GETTIN' BETTER. SHE HAS
JUST TROWED ME OUT IV HER ROOM AN' I HEAR HER CHASIN'
HIS RIVRINCE ROUND WID A SHOVEL!"



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COULD NOT STOP THAT.

TRIXY: Joshua did a great thing when he stopped the sun. But he wouldn't be in it in these days.

BIXBY: Why not?

TRIXY: Why not. What sort of a figure do you think he would cut with a cable car?

"THIS taxes my strength," remarked the Gorgonzola when it encountered the tariff.



SUMMER READING.

WHY should anyone read books for amusement in summer? Amusement is a matter of choice, until riches make of it a profession. Of course for the very rich amusement and pleasure are simply the synonyms of spending money agreeably. That usually implies the spending of it ostentatiously or in a way to arouse the envy of those less fortunate. But the well-to-do man or woman of scant or

A MISTAKE ALL AROUND.



moderate leisure cannot afford to take envy into account as one of the forms of amusement. And it usually happens that they are the very people who put a few books in a corner of their luggage when they start off to camp or the seashore for a breathing spell. If you ask them why, they always say that it may rain for a day or two, and moreover the days are so long!

* * *

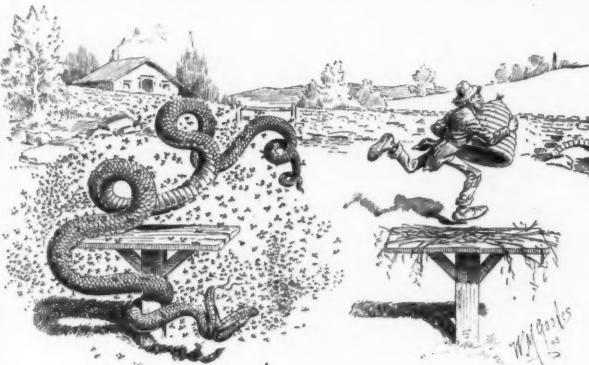
CAN anyone imagine the days being too long for a dweller in the city who only has one month of the twelve in which to loose himself from the routine of living! The trouble is with that very routine to which his nerves have become so adjusted that they respond with pleasure to it alone. When it isn't aroused he misses it, just as he misses his wife, whom he knows he has unhappily married. But then he has become used to her particular way of quarrelling, and his faculties respond to it with alertness.

It is the same way with reading. He was brought up to believe that there was some particular virtue in a book; that it had an intimate connection with what was called "improvement of the mind." So when he had leisure he went for a book, as a toper for whiskey. By and by he found that it made him "forget things," and he accumulated his little likes and dislikes for various authors as he would for brands of cigars. When he got that far he believed that he had acquired "taste" in reading, and perhaps he began to accumulate a library as he would a wine cellar.

So when he goes off for a summer vacation you will see him, on a rainy day in camp, pull out a book and go at it with the complacency of a man who knows he is doing his duty. There may be half a dozen interesting men in camp who have seen a great deal of the world near at hand. He never looks on them as an opportunity. He would rather read a book by some interesting invalid who likes to put her sensations on paper, than talk with a man who had slain wild beasts in a jungle, or run for sheriff in a Western mining camp.

* * *

THE truth is that books (except as repositories of valuable information) are merely substitutes for entertaining men and women, and usually very poor substitutes.



The Court: What do you want?

Youth: I want an injunction.

The Court: Against whom?

Youth: Against the fellow who is trying to marry my girl.

Your manner of life may make it necessary for you to enlarge your horizon principally by books when at home; but when you are away from the old surroundings, if you are the wise man you think you are, you will leave your books at home and try to meet some new types of the human animal. It may make you more contented with your own way of life, to discover how many worse kinds there are.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

A DAUGHTER OF TO-DAY. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Doreen. By Edna Lyall. New York: Longmans, Green, and Company. *Chaperoned.* New York: The Cassell Publishing Company.

Mary Fenwick's Daughter. By Beatrice Whitby. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A Suburban Pastoral and Other Tales. By Henry A. Beers. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Story of a Modern Woman. By Ella Hepworth Dixon. New York: The Cassell Publishing Company.

Struthers and the Comedy of the Masked Musicians. By Anna Bowman Dodd. New York: Lovell, Coryell and Company.

Outing. Volume XXIII, October, 1893, to March, 1894. New York: The Outing Company.

CLEVERTON: Now that you are living in the country I suppose you have fresh milk every day.

DASHAWAY: We didn't this morning.

CLEVERTON: Why not?

DASHAWAY: The train from town was two hours late.

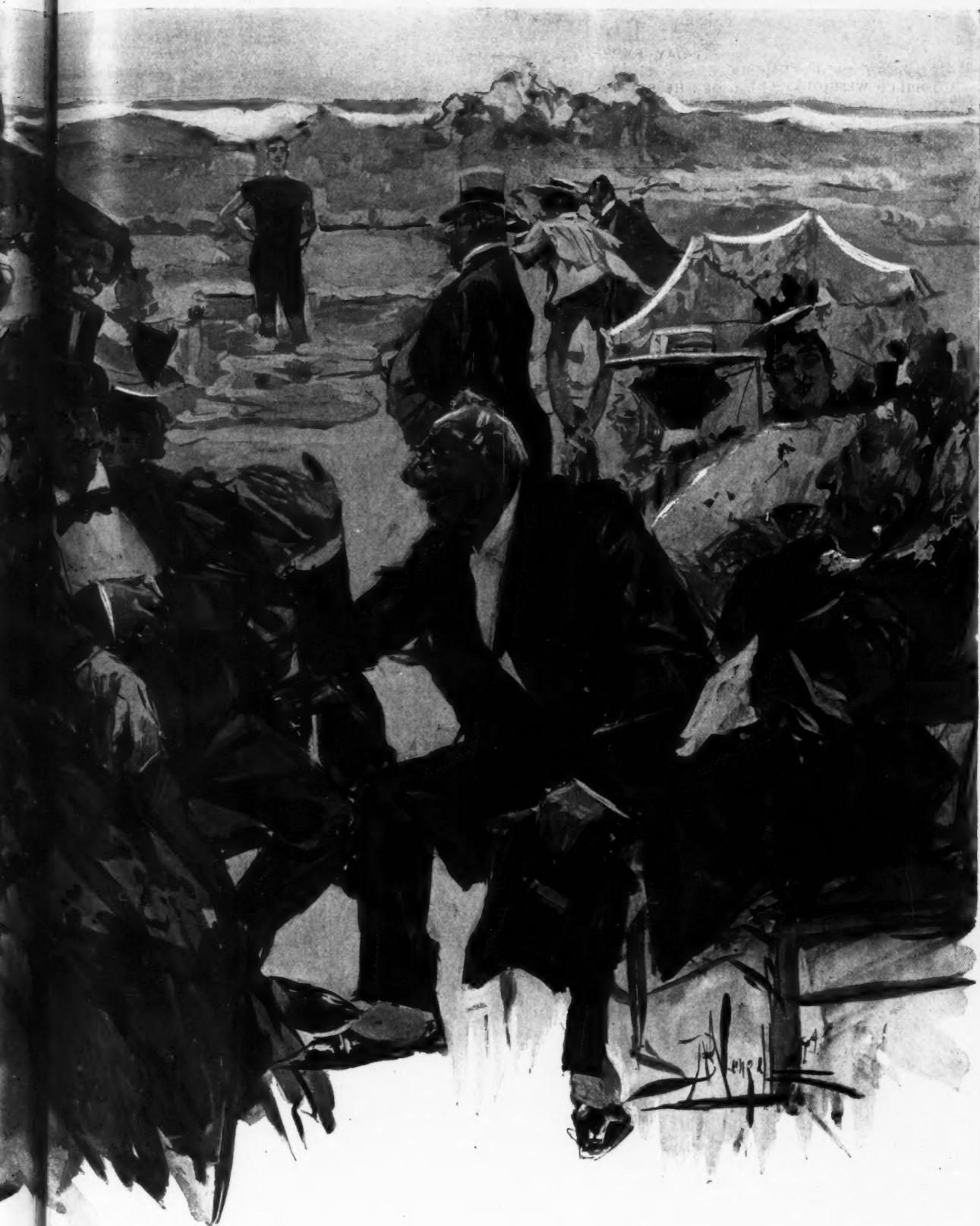
LIFE



A LONG BRANCH PU

FIND THE CHRISTIAN

LIFE



ING BRUCH PUZZLE.

FIND THE CHRISTIAN.

LIFE'S GLOSSARY OF EVERY-DAY EXPRESSIONS.

COMPILED WITH(OUT) THE AID OF THE EDITORS OF THE
CENTURY DICTIONARY.



ACTRESS: Sometimes a female person who can act; usually a female with a newspaper record, or one who has good clothes and knows how to wear them.

SOAP: A chemical compound avoided by Anarchists.

NEW YORK: A paradise for the rich, a purgatory for the poor.

POLITICIAN: A near-sighted person who frequently mistakes *tuum* for *meum*.

WATER: A fluid found in all parts of the world except the Desert of Sahara and the State of Kentucky.

HACKMAN: A licensed highwayman.

RAILWAY: A mechanical device for swindling investors.

TOUCH: A modification of one of the five senses which enables the possessor to live without labor by borrowing from friends and acquaintances.

LAWYER: A person who knows more or less of the law.

SUGAR: A commodity largely dealt in by members of the United States Senate.

POKER: A pastime invented to demonstrate the truth of the natural law concerning a certain class of people and their money.

PIANO: When you play on it yourself it's a musical instrument; when some one else plays on it, it is an instrument of torture.



A "GOLD BUG" OPINION.

Silver Senator: DO YOU SEE THAT FELLOW GOING ALONG THERE? THEY SAY HE WAS BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON IN HIS MOUTH.

Eastern Friend: HE LOOKS AS IF HE HAD BEEN BORN UNDER SOME CONDITION OF DEPRESSION.



"STOP, YOU BWUTE, OR I'LL SOAK YOU ONE."



THE STOP.



THE SOAK.



SIGNS OF AN EARLY SPRING.

FRESH AIR: A luxury unknown to the poor children of New York, but which can be secured for them by a contribution to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund.

JIM-JAMS: A non-contagious disease whose victim imagines that he is the proprietor of a menagerie.

IRELAND: A small island near Great Britain, where policemen and politicians are raised for the New York market.

FOUR HUNDRED: A title applied to certain persons, weak-minded but harmless, who indulge in collective and individual antics for the purpose of attracting notice to themselves.

PARTY: A political fiction used by bosses to control the votes of those who have not the wit to think for themselves.

BALLET: A collection of feminine bric-a-brac.

DENTIST: A lineal descendant of the officers of the Inquisition.

GRATITUDE: (We regret to state that we have been unable to find anyone who knows what this word really means.)

NEWSPAPER: A printed sheet published and sold for the purpose of enabling its owner to live luxuriously in Europe.

DOG: A faithful animal to be petted when you are in good humor and kicked when you are not.

HUSBAND: A male person whose function is to pay bills.

LUNATIC: A person who differs in his opinions from the rest of the world.

Metcalfe.

DID HER BEST.

FIRST TELEPHONE GIRL: Some of them men is terrible cranky!

SECOND TELEPHONE GIRL: Yes, what was he kicking about?

FIRST TELEPHONE GIRL: The mug wanted 761 Harlem, but I couldn't get 'em, so I give him 762, and told him that was as near as I could come to it; and he was mad as hornets!



Marie: I TELL YER YER ARE FALSE! FALSE TO THE MARRER OF VER H'ART! I'VE TRUSTED YOU BLINDLY, FONDLY, UNTIL THE PRESENT MOMENT, AND NOW I LOATHE AND DISPISE YER!

Fleurette: HEAVEN GIVE ME POWER TO RESTRAIN MYSELF OR I'LL KNOCK THE NECK OFF HER!

Why cannot he chant of those girls that take

Two gowns and a sailor hat,
And hie them away to some lonely lake

Which never a man is at?

Why shouldn't the poet adopt this plan

For a change? I will tell you why:
Because he's, in general, a truthful man,
And he doesn't like to lie.

Madeline S. Bridges.

HARD.

WILD MAN OF BORNEO: Phwat are yez cryin' about, Miss Sims?

CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY: I have just come from the death-bed of the ossified man, and, oh, the poor fellow died so terribly hard!



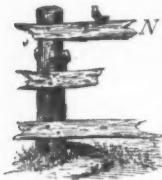
POETIC JUSTICE.

WE'VE heard of the summer girl too much,
We are tired of the modes and styles
By which she endeavors to lure and clutch
Unwary youth in her wiles.

Why hasn't the poet extolled in
rhyme
The girl who discreetly goes
Away from town for a quiet time,
And to get a rest from her beaux.

Why doesn't he sing of the maid
whose soul
Is attuned to Nature's tone,
Who prefers, by herself, through the
woods to stroll
And to gaze at the moon alone?

IN THE COUNTRY.



N passant, the house where we are boarding this summer is situated in a beautiful valley and commands a delightful prospect of the surrounding hills which shut it in closely and temper the climate so beneficially that it is seldom more than ten or fifteen degrees warmer than in New York.

Mosquitoes are unknown here. At least the landlord does not recognize them, though most of the rest of us have a *table d'hôte* acquaintance with them; to which we contribute the *table d'hôte*.

The favorite amusement of the boarders is sitting on the piazza in the evening and arguing as to whether we feel a breeze or not, and listening to the voices of the children wrangling on the tennis court or crying upstairs as they are being put to bed. For children are admitted here as freely as in Heaven. Though if Heaven resembles our boarding house in other respects, I know one grumpy individual who humbly hopes he will be permitted to go where there are no children and his meals will be served hot.

But it must not be thought we are lacking in other amusements.

Once a week we have progressive Salmagundi parties with ice cream and dancing. And almost every hour rows occur among the children which naturally involve the parents, and gradually spread until all the house is arrayed on one side or the other and the excitement kept at the boiling point. Of course when Mamie Briggs hits little Tommy Johnson with a croquet mallet, or Charlie Noakins bats stones with Sarah Billings' tennis racquet trouble is bound to follow.

And after the wives and mothers have exhausted their vocabularies on each other, the husbands have to take a hand in the game.

When Mr. Briggs, in a moment of supreme and uncontrollable wrath, tells Mr. Johnson that he is no gentleman, he merely states a plain and undeniable fact which is patent to all of us and conveys no insult. And when Mr. Johnson retorts in equally polished language, we feel that the matter is conclusively settled and that no bloodshed is likely to follow.

For it must be sadly admitted that the society at our boarding house is largely composed of persons whom it is desirable not to know.

Not all of them, however,

announce their real status with the frankness of the young fellow who wears a gaudy red, white and blue hat band.

The courage with which he carries this warning insignia of his social and mental unfitness would command him to universal respect if he had any other virtues worth speaking of.

It is true there is old Mr. Bonder, a Wall Street magnate of the most undoubted respectability and great geniality, but he is going to leave to-morrow, because he objects to his pretty young wife sitting in a hammock until eleven o'clock in the evening with any available one of a set of college boys who are honoring us with their noisy presence.

In fact, the number of infantile and marital troubles which are continually arising amoⁿg us should serve as a sad and unmistakable object lesson to those contemplating matrimony.

But this lesson is unobserved by a number of foolish young persons who seem afflicted with the proverbial blindness of love, both in regard to that matter and also when they are intently spooning in what they imagine to be dim and secluded corners.

But on the whole, we form a thoroughly harmonious and pleasant company, and when we sit on the piazza in the evening, those of us who are on speaking terms debate as to the existence of a hypothetical breeze, and all of us, without regard to age, sex, or social standing, slap mosquitoes and commiserate the poor devils who are cooped up and tied down in the city within easy reach of Coney Island and the roof gardens and all the indispensable comforts and luxuries of the metropolis.

Harry Romaine.

THE PERILS OF PARENTAGE.

YOUNG WIFE: Oh, George, there's smallpox in town they say. What in the world would we do if baby should catch it!

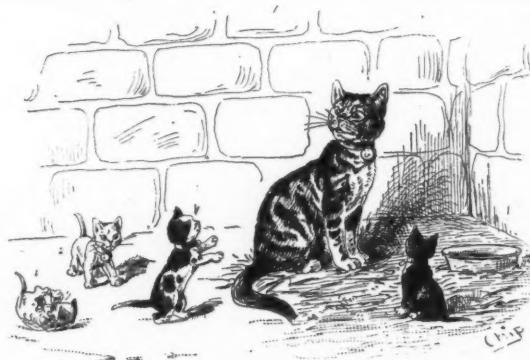
YOUNG HUSBAND: By Jove! I hadn't thought of that. Let's go and both be vaccinated right away.



TESTIMONIAL.

Dear Sir:

After the first bottle of your medicine was gone, I slept better.
Samuel Shott.



NOT OF THE 400.

Indignant Mother: DON'T YOU EVER DARE TO PLAY WITH THE CAT NEXT DOOR AGAIN. YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT SHE HAS NO LICENSE.

THE F
elle dem
adame Iv
imire ze t
es apper
Monsieur
his fami
r-retze,
zees ? Y
Au, Mon
adame Iv
she ma
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now.

A CER
trial, at a
entertain a
"If you
on the p
is opinio
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ou were w
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A CON
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Dan'l V
"Inde
colored ma
the founda
an explana
"No,
City Mail.

For
national
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20
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LE

LIFE



THE French account of Adam's fall: Monsieur Adam, he wake up—he sees une lle demoiselle aslip in ze garden. Voila de la chance! "Bon jour, Madame Iv." Madame Iv, she vase; she hole her fan before her face. Adam put on his eyeglass to amire ze tableaux, and zey make von promenade. Madame Iv, she feel hungry. She es appel on ze arbre. Serpent se promene sur l'arbre—make one walk on ze tree. Monsieur le Serpent," say Iv, "vill vous not have ze bonté to peek me some appel?ais fain." "Certamente, Madame Iv, charmés de vous voir." "Hola, mon ami, r-retez, vous!" says Adam—"stop! stop! que songez vous faire? Was madness zees? You must not pick ze appel!" Ze snake, he take one pinch of shnuff, he say: Au, Monsieur Adam, do you not know how zere is nossing proheebeet ze ladies? Madame Iv, permit me to offer you some of zeese fruit defendu—zeese forbidden fruit." she make one courtesy—ze snake, he fill her parasol wiz ze appel. He says: "Erilis cut Deus. Monsieur Adam, he will eat ze appel, he will become like one Dieu; know good and ze evel—but you, Madame Iv, cannot become more of a goddess than you are now." An' zat feenish Madame Iv.—*Exchange*.

A CERTAIN justice of the peace from the State of Iowa, having arrived, previous to trial, at a conclusion upon a question of law highly satisfactory to himself, refused to entertain an argument by the opposing counsel.

"If your honor pleases," counsel pleaded, "I should like to cite a few authorities on the point." Here he was sharply interrupted by the justice, who stated:

"The court knows the law, and is thoroughly advised in the premises, and has given its opinion, and that settles it."

"It was not," continued counsel, "with an idea of convincing your honor that you were wrong, but I should like to show you what a d—n fool Blackstone was."—*Gargantua*.

A CONGRESSMAN who, having submitted himself to the manipulation of a venerable plodder barber in Washington, was told: "Do you know, sah, you remind me so much of Dan'l Webster?"

"Indeed," he said, "shape of my head, I suppose?" This staggered the aged colored man somewhat. He had not expected a question in reply, and had merely laid the foundation for his complimentary bluff, never thinking that there would be a call for an explanatory superstructure.

"No, sah," he stammered in reply, "not yo' head, sah; it's yo' breff."—*Kansas City Mail*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

A SUPERIOR officer of the B——garrison was some time ago the hero of a most amusing adventure. Colonel Z——had received from Mme. V——an invitation to dinner, but on the day appointed, and just as he was about to start, he was seized with a violent attack of neuralgia, and decided to forego the pleasure in store for him. The Colonel wrote a letter of apology, called his orderly, and said:

"Guy, you will give this letter to Mme. V——, and then go and fetch me my dinner."

Here the plot commences. Guy set off, after carefully secreting the letter in his breast pocket along with his tobacco pouch. He arrived at Mme. V——'s, delivered his message, and stood as rigid as a statue. The lady of the house was surprised, and inquired what he was waiting for. Guy replied:

"The Colonel told me to fetch him his dinner."

Mme. V——saw the man's mistake, gave certain orders, and the servants handed the faithful linesmen a set of dishes emitting fragrant odors. Moreover, Mme. V——slipped a half-bottle of champagne into the soldier's pocket, and said:

"You will serve this to the Colonel at dessert."

Guy came back and, upon my word, the restaurant seemed to have provided such a host of good things, that the Colonel got up and took his seat at the table. Over the soup he slowly began to recover his appetite, to his no small surprise. The side dishes made him quite ravenous; with the entrées his pain disappeared; he was stupefied at the roast meat, and dumfounded at the game, and still his wonder grew at the marvelous dishes supplied by his chop-house keeper. At the dessert the orderly, obeying his instructions, set the bottle of champagne on the table. He was asked for an explanation, when everything came out. The Colonel, in despair, thought the matter over, and then gave his orderly ten francs, telling him to buy a bunch of flowers and present it from him to Mme. V——. Then our Colonel, satisfied that he had done his best under the trying circumstances, settled down in an easy chair and composed himself to sleep. An hour and a half later the door opened and Guy walked in, and gravely deposited two five-franc pieces on the table. The Colonel questioned him with some anxiety.

"The lady paid for the nosegay," said the honest warrior, apparently well pleased with the general turn of affairs.

Mme. V——, on receiving the bouquet, had given the soldier five francs by way of a tip, on receiving which the latter simply replied:

"It isn't five francs, please ma'am, it is ten francs."

Colonel Z——was confined to his bed for three days, to the great alarm of the whole of the garrison staff.—*Le Progrès Illustré*.

HE sat for a long time wrapped in thought.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife; "is there trouble on your mind?"

"Not exactly," he answered, mopping the perspiration from his brow, "not unless ye might look at it as a kind o' remorse."

"What was occupying your mind?"

"I was wondering if I'm the same man who kicked about the cold last winter."—*Ex.*

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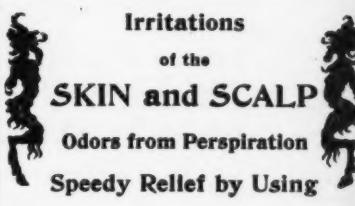
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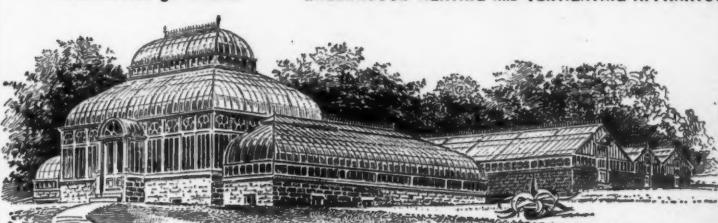


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